

Poetry Series

mini sla
- poems -

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Alone As One

To break the shackles of humanities grasp
Wandering through time transfixed with space
The days processing halted for dignities sake
Untwisted vacuum emptied designed to deface

Finally thoughts become my own
Mind complete racing full of the expectation
No longer influenced pounded by myth
Freedom of expression for now is a must

Like a blank canvass that all painters possess
All thoughts then materialised with imaginary brush
Mind simply creates images in which to digress
To attain peace and clarity grasping at life even death

Weights lifted unshackled continuously streaming
Thoughts wander some stay some whittled away
Existence now matters exhausted drowned with emotion
Communication elaboration quickly maintained

Must rest seek shelter diminish the flame
All mayhem confusion to drown in next day
Ability to resume from where it all ceased
The reasons I enjoy being alone my mind complete

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Arise Coffin Ship

I'm of Irish origin of which I'm proud
Alone we built the world with only bare hands
All throughout our history burdening a black shroud
Our own people forced to abandon its land

It has happened before imprinted in history
The coffin ships took our people they say thousands
To create stable futures for next generations
The countless life wasted never to return

Now 2012 history regurgitates itself yet again
Future youth disintegrating before my eyes
Mothers and Fathers facing the same truths
Seeing their children leave to return no more

Greed caused this scourge for its people
The Bankers, Politicians, the Euro a whore
What's left behind pain and suffering for families to bare
Our Patience and pride eroded to the point of its core

There is nothing here for those that are leaving
No place for the future just life without meaning
Another generation lost in the history books
May bad luck befall on the culprits for whom I've no feeling

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Death To A River

Her waters trickled downstream
Filled bays and flowed through reeds
Passed under many bridges
To meet at last the mighty sea

Host too a multitude of species
Fed nearby plants, shrubs and trees
Giver of life to all that met her
Serving one purpose all in need

A plan was made to siphon some
Millions of litres a day agreed
Piped to a storage facility inland
The results of poor planning and greed

No thoughts the residents of her
Just neglected thrown aside
Nothing for those along the shoreline
No benefit the localities told just lies

Once scenic views around her
Now stagnant pools reside
Vanished uninhabited tainted water
Everything robbed even pride

Plans to treat an outsourced capital
That has reached it perilous mass
Leaking more than they're consuming
Just how long more can it last

While the capital has raped her
No knowledge of her pain
Just kept the pipelines running
Until her soul was drained

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Dismemberment Of Youth

First light appears in Youths first moments,
All seen and heard reveals but truth,
But as the seasons come and go,
Dismemberment of Youth.

Cherished teachings originally meant to aid,
Grasped with both hands young Youth embraces,
Spring, summer, autumn, winter....,
An unknown fate poor Youth it faces.

As time gradually passes slowly onward,
Youths views on its first sights already faded,
The ideals Youth clung too are totally changed,
The views first clean and pure but now seem jaded.

Youth forced into taking a blindfolded route,
Now life to take on a complete new meaning,
The love once felt and unknowingly wasted,
Lies, hurt, deceit, pain, sorrow Youth starts receiving.

First light turns slowly into darkness,
Memories rancid like rotten citrus fruit,
It cannot be saved or stored for future use,
Dismemberment of Youth.

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Dream State

The reason why life is so bland and grey
While in dream state invigorating mind rearranged
All manner of things become my reality
Visions shapes and sizes are readily displayed

Experiencing one that's recurring for almost five years
I have had some dreams which I can see vividly
Some stay with me till can last days even weeks
Others come in quick flashes and go almost immediately

Confused and befuddled are they intended to alert me?
About the faults and flaws in my life or maybe just
My minds way of informing me that caution is needed
Steps to take lightly for my futures dependency

Clarity comes when a moment in time must reveal
Those memories aroused a time to take heed
Errors unchangeable from when their unveiled
Paths chosen steps taken to unburden ones need

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Fading Light

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Eyes open wide
Enthusiasm for all things
Willingness to adapt
Eagerness to learn
Capable to blend in

Past generations total failure
Create these walls within
Places I have never been
Procreate to amend
Breaches signs of twisting

Time marches on
Mind loses will
Unable to defend
Memories are not needed
Anticipating the end

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The Fool

Reduced to one day in seven
Caged through no fault of their own
To return once duties fulfilled
Stapled to one spot unable to breathe

One given day in a calendar month
Woodlouse leaving their habitats
Being used to annihilate the spirit
Measly expectations to nourish ones soul

Unimaginable amounts conjured in their minds
Like carnivores in pens at feeding time
Frenzied activities suddenly all cease
Retreat to slumber peace for a time

Exploitations of truth twisters of minds
Wreak fear and havoc in those who believe
Facts of which were not defined by me
Unimaginable amounts if in truth rarely seen

All institutions to blame hideous creatures
Offer me slim pickings sense of unreality
While elsewhere more horrendous acts of cruelty
World fooled into what they want us to hear

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The Old Stock

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My memories of my grand folks

Brings a big grin to my face

Sometimes makes me cry

For the simple lives they led

Both had nothing much to offer us

They worked hard for all they had

Proud never asked for any hand outs

But made up with kindness instead

Their showed loyalty to their neighbours

Witnessed hard times through their years

A lost tradition in the world today

Would have them turning in their graves

I used to visit them on weekends

My mum would take me on her bike

Friends called in to see them regularly

Chatting about old times that had gone

Those days a distant memory

Would be nice if they were there

I'll never forget the old stock

Only for them I would not be here

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